The too and fro conflicting wind and raine,
This night wherin the cub-drawne Beare would couch,
The Lyon, and the belly pinched Wolfe
Keepe their furre dry, vnbonneted he runnes,
And bids what will take all.
Kent. But who is with him?
Gent. None but the foole, who labours to out-ieſt
His heart ſtrooke iniuries.
Kent. Sir I doe know you,
And dare vpon the warrant of my Arte,
Commend a deare thing to you, there is diuiſion,
Although as yet the face of it be couer'd,
With mutuall cunning, twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*
But true it is, from *France* there comes a power
Into this ſcattered kingdome, who alreadie wiſe in our
Haue ſecret feet in ſome of our beſt Ports, (negligẽce,
And are at point to ſhew their open banner,
Now to you, if on my credit you dare build ſo farre,
To make your ſpeed to Douer, you ſhall find
Some that will thanke you, making iuſt report
Of how vnnaturall and bemadding ſorrow
The King hath cauſe to plaine,
I am a Gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from ſome knowledge and aſſurance,
Offer this office to you.
Gent. I will talke farther with you.
Kent. No doe not,
For confirmation that I much more
Then my out-wall, open this purſe and take
What it containes, if you ſhall ſee *Cordelia*,
As feare not but you ſhall, ſhew her this ring,
And ſhe will tell you who your fellow is,
That yet you doe not know, fie on this ſtorme,
I will goe ſeeke the King.
Gent. Giue me your hand, haue you no more to ſay?
Kent. Few words but to effect more then all yet:
That when we haue found the King,
He this way, you that, he that firſt lights

Enter

On him, hollow the other. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lear and Foole.

Lear. Blow wind & cracke your cheekes, rage, blow
You caterickes, & Hircanios ſpout til you haue drencht,
The ſteeples drown'd the cockes, you ſulpherous and
Thought executing fires, vaunt-currers to
Oke-cleauing thunderboults, ſinge my white head,
And thou all ſhaking thunder, ſmite flat
The thicke Rotunditie of the world, cracke natures
Mold, all Germains ſpill at once that make
Ingratefull man.
Foole. O Nunckle, Court holy water in a drie houſe
Is better then this raine water out a doore,
Good Nunckle in, and aske thy daughters bleſſing,
Heers a night pities nether wiſe man nor foole.
Lear. Rumble thy belly full, ſpit fire, ſpout raine,
Nor raine, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters,
I taske not you you elements with vnkindnes,
I neuer gaue you kingdome, cald you children,
You owe me no ſubſcription, why then let fall your horrible
Here I ſtãd your ſlaue, a poore infirme weak & (pleſure
Deſpis'd ould man, but yet I call you ſeruile
Miniſters, that haue with 2. pernitious daughters ioin'd
Your high engẽdred battel gainſt a head ſo old & white
As this, O tis foule.
Foole. Hee that has a houſe to put his head in, has a good headpeece, the Codpeece that will houſe before the head, has any the head and hee ſhall lowſe, ſo beggers mary many, the man that makes his toe, what hee his heart ſhould make, ſhall haue a corne cry woe, and turne his ſleepe to wake, for there was neuer yet faire woman but ſhee made mouthes in a glaſſe.
Lear. No I will be the patterne of all patience *Enter Kent.* I will ſay nothing.
Kent. Whoſe there?
Foole. Marry heers Grace, & a codpis, that's a wiſeman and a foole.
Kent. Alas ſir, ſit you here?

Things